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EDITORIALS

Laziness

A group of college boys were lounging on the porch of a fraternity house. They discussed the dance of the previous night and the football game that was to be played that afternoon.

Suddenly a clear, deep voice, breaking into the conversation, asked, "Is that Latin test tomorrow?"

"Yes, but don't worry. You'll get by."

The conversation then turned back into the usual course of dances, girls, and football games.

"You'll get by!" What a tiny phrase. What did that boy mean by those two careless words, "getting by?" Did he mean that he was shirking work, and that he was taking things as they came in their easiest form? That one sentence meant laziness.

Is laziness, or this tendency to avoid effort, inherited, or is it acquired? People believe it to be an instinctive tendency.

Many noted scientists declare laziness to be natural to man. "The love of work and activity is an acquired tendency rather than a natural one, for the human tendency is toward the line of least resistance," says one man who has spent most of his life studying the nature of man. Other scientists declare that laziness is an acquired trait. They point out that it is due to environmental factors that man is lazy.

Young children like to work and play. They are not lazy when they first begin to work. The ones that become lazy are those that are reared in homes where mothers and fathers are lazy, and the standards of living careless and slack. The homes where the mother and father are more interested in seeking pleasure and amusement than in making their children work and study, and the homes where the children are petted and spoiled are the ones from which come the boys and girls who are content with "getting by."

These carefree boys and girls who are satisfied with taking life as a "huge lot of fun" do not realize that they are missing the important part of life. They will soon have to take over the responsibilities of the business of this world. Will they be prepared to do it if they merely "get by" in their college work?

All the great men of the past have been workers, and the famous ones of today are working men. Some of them were born in the most humble homes. The struggle for a living was hard, but it taught them the value of work. Others lived in richer homes, but homes in which the mothers and fathers were not lazy, and taught the children how to work.

Many of the greatest failures of today are men and women who were born with enough brains to make them famous. They have failed, though, because in their childhood they were encouraged to be lazy.

The laziest person in the world is the one who is able to do excellent work, but who does not have the will power to accomplish anything above the average. He has allowed the paths in

his nervous system to become weakened and to lose all desire for effort. He is content to follow the easiest path that is set before him. He will do no more work than is absolutely necessary to exist. In other words, he is satisfied with "getting by." He may be happy, or think that he is, but what good is he doing? What work is he accomplishing? Nothing. He is just a drone in the great bee-hive of civilization.

CHIMNEYS

Chimneys by the roadside—
You can count them one by one,
With their crumbling, blackened fingers
Pointing starkly to the sun;
Haunted by the flickers
Of some past forgotten fire—
Tombstones by the graveside
Of dead embers of a home.

MARION TATUM, '30.

THE SEA GOD'S BRIDE

Nuantia lay on her back watching the soft white clouds float aimlessly above her, and listening to the pound of the waves on the rocks at the bottom of the cliff. Two moons to live and then she, with the other two chosen maidens, would be sacrificed to the Sea God.

How well she remembered the night of the council! She had rejoiced when the old councilman, with his long white beard, had come to her thatched house and told her. Was it not an honor to be chosen one of the three Sea Maidens of the village? She had not thought then so much of the death of being cast from the cliff into the sea; she had thought more of the honored place the Sea Maidens held in all the festivities and ceremonies of the three years before they died.

At first she had enjoyed the homage she had received on feast days, but she had soon tired of this, and the festivals had become something to be endured.

Nuantia rolled to the edge of the cliff and looked over. Her brown eyes opened wide with a kind of passive horror. The wind from the sea ruffled her dark curly hair when she propped her chin on her tanned, rounded arms. Far below she saw the waves dash against the rocks, sending spray high into the air.

She lay back and began thinking of the time when she would be thrown down on the rocks. She wondered if she would be the one the Sea God chose; if he would take her from the rocks down to his coral palace and place her on his pink shell throne. Or would she be one of the unfortunate ones who would spend weary years wandering outside the land of the blessed, because they had not been buried? Nuantia sighed. If only she were sure the Sea God would choose her she would not be afraid; but there was no use wishing impossible things, and there was no way to escape. Even now, when they had given her a few hours

to herself, she could discern the form of one of the old councilmen behind a clump of trees. If she were not sacrificed to the Sea God after she has been chosen, he would be angry and would send waves and storms to destroy the village.

Rising, she walked slowly down the road, her bare feet leaving clear prints in the thick dust. The people bowed as she passed through the streets. Was she not one of the Sea Maidens whom the gods had appointed by their omens?

When she reached home her father and mother rose from their places by the door and stood aside for her to enter. Her two younger sisters spoke to her only when it was necessary and looked at her in awe. When it was time to make a sacrifice to the household gods, they gave the incense to Nuantia for her to place on the altar.

Nuantia hated all this. She was their daughter and sister even if she was a Sea Maiden. How she missed the summer evenings they used to spend sitting on the large stone in front of their thatched house, watching the sunset and the stars rise, and talking in low, friendly tones about the happenings of the day. Now when they went to sit on the rock they seemed constrained and uncomfortable; but as soon as Nuantia came into the house and stood just inside the door she would hear the conversation, in which she no longer had a part, begin easily. Then she would wish more than ever that the Sea God would choose her for his queen so that all this would not be for naught.

Six days before the sacrifice of the Sea Maidens, Nuantia wandered idly on top of the cliff. She had been in the temple for hours, praying to the Sea God, and now she had come to look again at the sea and the rocks below the cliff. She thought again of the weary years to come when, if she were not chosen by the Sea God, she would wander on the bank of the river that would separate her from the land of the blessed. Terrified at this thought, she went to the edge of the cliff to look again at the sea and the rocks. Suddenly she heard a crackling behind her

and, turning, saw the small projection of land on which she was standing slowly break away from the cliff. One sharp shriek as she fell downward, then merciful oblivion.

The Sea God had chosen his queen.

CHARLOTTE THORPE, '30.

PEACOCK FEATHERS

Steps so proudly taken,
Feathers slowly raised,
Sweeping upward, outward,
Much admired and praised.

Rich and lovely colors,
Nature's envied hues,
Jewels from her casket,
Golds, and browns, and blues.

Rings of velvet colors,
Tendrils golden brown,
Stamped on silken surface
By one from fairy town.

MARY ALICE MURCHISON, '30.

ON THE MOON

I have always loved the moon. When I was a child, I would slip from the house for a few moments of silent communion with the "spoiled mistress of the sky." She is so chaste and pure, so white and untouched—this witness to a thousand lovers' vows the world over. She is a fit confidant for thoughts too sacred for human ears. She is no snooping, gossiping, slandering, chattering friend. I waft my little confessions, my ideals, my worries and cares, my hopes, up to the moon, who catches them in slender fingers and folds them in her bosom, to be heard by no curious ears and whispered by no winds of gossip.

When the moon is but a slender sliver, and when it is grown to its fullest height, I must quietly love it, worship it, and let its thousand rays reach out and touch my face. I think the moon should always be adored in silence. Those giggling desecrators who point to it and gasp noisily, "Oh, isn't it angel! How adorable! Be-eautifu-ul! Couldn't you love a broomstick under that baby?" annoy me exceedingly. They spoil for me that purity and sacredness gained only in wordless contemplation.

I cannot decide which phase of this orb of night I prefer. The glorious, round, full moon, so wondrously pictured by Longfellow, is perhaps most awe-inspiring, more breathtakingly beautiful.

"It is the Harvest Moon! On gilded vanes
And roofs of villages, on woodland crests
And their aerial neighborhoods of nests
Deserted, on the curtained window-panes
Of rooms where children sleep, on country lanes
And harvest fields, its mystic splendor rests."

But somehow I prefer the luminous crescent to the full moon. There's more mystery about the "old moon in the young moon's arms." The crescent seems daintier, more ethereal, and shyer.

In my trysts with the moon I always wonder, like Shelley:

"Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth,
And ever-changing, like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy?"

As a slip of a lass I wistfully contemplated the moon, wondered about it, feared its mystery; as a school child I gazed at the sky, forgetting what my teachers told me about the moon, as I watched it glide serenely by; as a merry miss I shyly regarded the moon with an awkward youth at my side; as one grown older, I defiantly watched the moon, hurt by life and wondering about it.

When I was small, I would wonder about the fascinating man in the moon. I would cry for the poor old soul, sentenced to carry his fagot of wood forever. But now Science has spoiled the naiveté of this childhood belief. Today, when I look at the kind old face in the moon, disbelieving thoughts creep into my mind and mar the delightfulness of the old tale I loved.

Science is attempting to ruin other fancies of mine about the moon. Only the other day, a friend interrupted one of my frequent bursts of eloquence. "Bosh!" he said. "Don't you know the moon's only a dead world! How can such a shriveled little ball be the inspiration of Love! Choose a more worthy object for your adoration. The moon is only a satellite, following the earth around like a puppy, stealing its finery from the sun! Why, it can't even hold its own atmosphere! It's a cold thing,

unfit for admiration. Now, if you must worship, go to the sun. There's a majestic symbol for you, a mighty benefit, a worthwhile object of veneration!"

I smiled indulgently and shook my head. He could not understand that I admire not fierce energy, mighty strength, but mystery, elusiveness, poetry. Imagine saying of the sun:

"She smiled and stretched white hands . . .
 Climbed the archway and kissed the window bars . . .
 Slipped across the floor and bowed a queenly head,
 . . . Drifted down the storied halls and touched with
 white spread wings . . ."

O thou Moon, ordained at creation "to light the earth by night," what thinkest thou, helper of mankind, as thou smilest down upon earth?

Now the moon sails blissfully through other skies, playing in and out among the clouds, and people in far-off countries look up to catch a glimpse of its beautiful face so that they may feel the exquisite beauty of its being; and now it casts its glow upon my tiny design in the intricate pattern of living, improving and influencing it. Will there ever come a time when I will grow indifferent to the beauty of the moon, when its "sedate supervision of the heavens will no longer intrigue me or call forth from me an eager response to its moods! No! No! Life, love, sorrows, cares—they will all come, and I will always love the Moon, always have time for the Moon. . . .

SYBILLE BERWANGER, '30.

MOON LORE

O silver Moon, so bright,
Thy steely, glinting, brilliant rays
Unmask black crimes with piercing gaze,
Tonight!

O tender Moon, so pale,
Drop gently, o'er the mother and her child,
Wooded to rest 'neath the glow so mild,
Thy veil.

O weeping Moon, wake not
With baleful gleam the sleep of those
Who from this life have found repose
In God.

SYBILLE BERWANGER, '30.

THE MERMAID

Mermaids—their haunting beauty, their mystery, their exhilarating atmosphere of sensuous danger—have long been the favorite theme of poets, painters, novelists, and over-imaginative mariners. These seductive water beauties have not been confined to any one race or class. There are traces of a mermaid myth in the earliest of the classics. In the Greek she is the Nereid; in German, the Meriminni; in Icelandic, the Hafgufa; in Danish, the Maremind; and in the Irish, Merrow.

The Mermaid myth, by a logical evolution, has developed from the mariners' tales of beautiful sea women. There is an actual foundation in nature for these tales. In the later seventeenth century, a queer man-like mammal was captured off the coast of Vigo, Spain. From the rumors circulated by credulous mariners, it has since been proved that this was a form of the dugong. The dugong is a greyish blue animal which appears almost white when seen at a distance or through a mist. Its upper body is not unlike that of a healthy young girl. It inhabits the Australasian Islands, and it is characterized by an almost human solicitude for its young.

In Northern waters, there is a species of seal with light blue eyes, small ears, and loose rolls of fat so placed as to give a semblance of curls.

These uncanny marine animals, coupled with the credulity of the mariners and the queer optical illusions created by surface conditions of the ocean, probably gave rise to the statement in Rees's *Encyclopaedia* (1819) that a mermaid had been seen to wipe its hands over its face and distinctly heard to blow its nose.

With this background of semi-truth, the nature-worshipping Greeks developed a long line of ancestry and quite a complicated family of mermaids and mermen, to whom they consigned particular types of waters.

The Nereides, daughters of Nereus and Doris, were the divine, privileged playmates of the gods, and direct descendants of the great ocean god, Neptune. In addition to the Nereides, there were also the Timniades, who inhabited the lakes and pools, enticing unwary travelers by mimicking the cries of a drowning person; the Oceanides who dwelt in the shallow ocean; and the Sirens, who lived in dangerous places near submerged rocks. All these nymphs are akin to the Phœnician fish gods, and probably developed from them.

In the Roman mythology, the mermaid is merely continued from the Greek. She is divine, controlling, to some extent, the waves. The mother of Romulus and Remus, co-founders of the city of Rome, is supposed to have been the wife of a river god and to have been made divine by him.

In the Oceanic Islands, the creator of the earth was supposed to be Tangoroa Upao Uahu, a sea divinity. The story of the deluge, in these islands, was that careless fishermen tangled their hooks in the sea god's hair; in punishment for which misdemeanor the deluge was sent. Mermaids inhabited the lakes and pools, enchanting trespassing mortals and causing them to forget time and place.

It is in the Celtic countries, however, that the mermaid myth first takes on some of its most interesting features. Fairy-like, semi-divine women—survivals of the spirits of the rivers and woods—were supposed to inhabit all lakes, pools, and rivers. In one of the oldest Celtic stories, Ruard was snatched into the deep by three beautiful fish-women. Later Rath was torn apart by several deceptively beautiful water women. These dangerous beauties were, no doubt, survivals of the Sirens of the Greeks and Romans.

In the Teutonic countries, the romantic aspect of the mermaid became paramount. The lovely Lorelei, Undine, the Rhine-daughters, the nickers, were all connected closely with the sea divinities; and in some interpretations, Lorelei is actually classed as a goddess. The other mermaids were sent by Agir, the sea god, to toss the waves, sing, dance, or play his pranks on mortals.

In the Slavic countries, mermaids were supposed to be children who had died unbaptized, or girls or young wives who had died unnatural deaths. They lived in lonely spots, in deep places or under rapids. The water nymphs were supposed to be tall, pale girls in green, transparent robes. In their crystal palaces under the sea, they kept all the young men whom they could entice to accompany them. If captured, they would work silently washing linens until offered a new dress, at which time they would leave, never to return. This leaving human companionship on receipt of a gift links the mermaid myth with the old swan group of myths, which were all written around a similar theme: an enchanted person—sometimes a mermaid, a bird, or a swan—marrying a mortal and being forced, by some broken pact, to return to the former state of enchantment. The stories of Lohengrin, Cupid and Psyche, and the seven swan brothers deal with this theme.

Developed out of the swan myth, and perhaps more closely related to the mermaid myth, is the fish myth. The theme of this myth is the periodical shedding of some skin or garment, which, if captured, prevents the maiden from returning to her former guise. Just as the Irish mermaids leave tiny red caps behind them, so the seals shed their skins every ninth night and live until sunrise as normal human beings. If, while the seal is absent from its skin, the latter is stolen, the maiden remains in human form as long as the skin stays hidden. If, however, the skin is found, the maiden must return immediately to her original form.

To all of these water maidens, certain characteristics have been given by poets and writers of different lands. All agree that the upper part of the mermaid's body is that of a healthy young girl of great beauty—usually having masses of luxuriant, shining hair, with which is associated a hand-mirror and a comb.

As to the lower part of her body, writers differ. One large group insist on a fish tail with scales and fins. The Lappland and Scandinavian mermaids, the Roman Tritons and Sirens, and certain of the Oceanic nymphs were of this class. The tail was, however, not necessarily permanent. Indeed, in most cases it might be cast off at will. It was at such times that the mermaid was likely to seek a mortal mate to take under the water with her.

Not quite so popular as the fish tail version was the Celtic legend in which the mermaids were described as "grown up girls, the fairest of shape and make, with yellow hair and white skins above the water; but huger than one of the hills was the hairy-clawed, bestial lower part which they had beneath." This version rather suggests the Sirens of Greece and Rome.

Quite the most popular form, especially with the Germans and the Slavs, was the human form version. The mermaid in these legends is just like an ordinary woman with extraordinary beauty and charm, distinguished as a mer-woman frequently by her garments—a web skirt or green transparent robes.

Aside from their great beauty, mermaids are further characterized by their great lure. The songs of these water nymphs—especially of the Sirens—were irresistible. Only Orpheus and Odysseus ever heard the Siren's song and lived.

Great as was the mermaids' affinity for singing, dancing, at least, was equally characteristic and equally fatal to meddling mortals. Of the eleven variations of the mermaid music, men might dance to ten; one was too potent, causing even the stools

to dance. Mermaids often danced alone in the fields or meadows—sometimes guarded by a fierce old water god—and prying mortals who could be enticed to dance with them were tickled to death or drowned.

Although mermaids were supposed to be seen at nightfall quite frequently—especially by lovers—to most mariners the appearance of a mermaid was of great significance. According to the Norse version, the appearance of a mermaid, cold and shivering, was a sure sign of storm and poor fishing; whereas fishermen of Lappland declared that there is no surer sign of good fishing than a mermaid sitting on the water combing her hair. Raugga, a Scandinavian mermaid, always made her appearance just before some misfortune, tempest, or shipwreck; the Greek and Roman mermaid prophesied storms and aided distressed mariners. It is in the capacity of a prophetess that the mermaid so frequently appears in literature.

Although the legends disagree on the exact interpretation of the mermaid's influence, all agree that she is a creature of mischievous cruelty. All drowned persons, according to the Norse, were supposed to have been pulled under by mermaids, and taken to their queen Ran. The most cruel of this type of water spirit is the Siren, of Greek and Roman derivation. In an old Irish legend, Rath was lulled to sleep by some beautiful mermaids and then torn to pieces.

Of much greater finesse is the Slavic water nymph who kidnapped mortal babies and reared them in the water, feeding them on honey and instructing them in fairy craft. A popular version of this myth is that the mermaid frequently substituted her own ugly offspring for the mortal child; and these ugly mer-children were recognized only by their clumsiness and fondness for water.

The Russian water nymph lurked in deep, dangerous places in the water to which she enticed swimmers to pull them under.

Also she entangled fishermen's nets, broke dykes, and might on occasions cause rain, hail, or tempests. Ran, the queen of the mermaids, spread her fatal nets during these storms to catch unwary ships. This cruel queen was sovereign over her band of beautiful followers—lovely, deceitful women, mischievous as Puck, alluring and fatal as sinuous snakes.

These interesting water spirits have, of course, attracted the attention of the artists of every country. True, no master has painted an outstanding mermaid; but many interesting prints and sketches have been made of the illusive maidens. Many of these represent a beautifully molded woman combing long golden hair and holding a hand-mirror. Many beautiful interpretations of Lorelei have been done, this sad-faced, beguiling creature being frequently drawn in a veil of mist, sitting on a rugged rock. These fanciful drawings rarely have any artistic merit of their own, but they furnish a concrete example of an individual or racial interpretation of the mermaid myth.

In heraldry the mermaid is quite popular. One is used as the supporter to the arms of Lord Viscount Hood. In French heraldry the mermaid is called the "siren," and has one tail; the German has either one or two tails; the Italian carries a harp and may be crowned. The usual English interpretation is with one tail and a looking glass. This figure appears on the crest of Lord Byron and on the shield of Holmes, and two crowned mermaids are supporters of the Boston arms.

It is in music, however, that the mermaid has been immortalized. Wagner, in his "Das Rheingold" from the "Ring" sets to music the German folk legend of the Nibelung gold.

This legend is the story of the theft of the Rhinegold from the Rhinedaughters by Alberich. Woton, the chief of the gods, took the gold from the thief and turned it over to the twin heroes, Fafner and Fasolt, who were to return the priceless treasure to the rightful owners. Here, mortal lovers became involved in

this divine struggle; and, as a consequence, both died. As the girl, wearing her Rhinegold ring, was burning on her funeral pyre, the waves moved up and the Rhinedaughters snatched back their treasure. Hager, the avaricious uncle, seeing the vast treasure disappearing, rushed impetuously into the flood tide after it, but the mermaids, mocking him, drew him under the waves.

This legend Wagner divides into four parts: "Das Rheingold," "Die Walküre," "Siegfried," and "Die Götter Dämmerung." The mermaids he calls "Woglinde," "Wellgunde," and "Flosshilde." All during the "Das Rheingold" movement there is an underlying current of rippling melody with just enough monotony to suggest the ocean waves.

In literature, the mermaid stories and allusions are almost limitless. From the Greek and Roman classics, to Chaucer and Shakespeare, through the minor English writers almost to the present day, mermaids have been the subject of poems or stories, or have been alluded to in both. Roughly speaking, however, all these stories may be classified in one of five main groups.

The first of these is the big group wherein a mermaid voluntarily or under compulsion prophesies the future. Usually these prophecies come only after force has been brought to bear by some mortal who is withholding something essential to the mermaid's happiness. The "Nibelungenlied" is a notable example of this type of story. In it the Rhinemaidens prophecy Siegfried's death as he withholds the Rhinegold from them.

The next general type of mermaid story is the kind in which mortals are supernaturally endowed by mermaids. In their respective stories, both Minnesinger and Undine were endowed by water spirits with the property of being able to live under water. "The Old Man of Cury," an old English romantic tale, is worked out on this same theme.

The third characteristic motif is one in which a mermaid protects or avenges some mortal. An interesting example of this type is a story of the intriguing Lorelei and a mortal. This unfortunate man, having been deceived and spurned by seven beautiful sisters, sought to kill himself by plunging into the Rhine. Several pitying nymphs bore him to their beautiful queen, Lorelei, who, on learning the cause of his despondency, ordered the sisters punished. Accordingly, that night as the seven sisters drifted on their barge down the river in the moonlight, several mermaids appeared and warned them of their approaching death. In vain the maidens pled for mercy. The barge sank; and on the spot seven tall rocks rose, around which on windy moonlight nights the screams and moans of the drowning maidens may be heard. This story is of German origin; but that this theme was equally popular with other races is shown by the old Celtic tale, "The Mermaid's Vengeance."

The fourth class of mermaid stories is the kind in which a mermaid marries a mortal. This union is nearly always temporary; because the old legend insists that the breaking of some unwritten pact on the part of the husband resulted in the return of the mermaid to her natural state. These stories likely are evolved from the same basic legend as "Lohengrin." Just as Lohengrin was turned back into a swan when asked by his wife whence he came, so the Countess of the old Italian tale—forced to be a mermaid every Saturday—when questioned as to the periodic absences, was turned back into a mermaid.

In the fifth general division of the mermaid stories are included those tales in which a mermaid carries her mate under the sea with her. In one of the Lorelei legends, the beautiful mermaid brings a fisherman, as her husband, to her under-sea castle. This type is perhaps the commonest of all. In many of the northern countries, drowned persons were supposed to have gone to wed a mermaid; and this belief, no doubt, grew out of

the older legend that mermaids lurked under deep, treacherous waters and rapids.

Of all the lovely, mischievous, or cruel mermaids delineated in literature, there are few who have been given distinct personalities. The oldest and perhaps the oftenest alluded to are the old Greek and Roman Nereides and Tritons.

The Nereides or Dorides were the daughters of Nereus and Doris. Thetis, one of the best known of these Nereides, was the mother of Achilles. To each of the other important Nereides, some particular phase of the sea was given. Goleme and Glauce were the spirits of the peaceful sea; to Thoe and Holie were assigned the fantastic waves; the rushing billows were personified by Nesaie and Actaee; Pasithea, Erato, and Euneice were the guardians of the rising tide; and Pherusa, Dynamere, and Amphitrite were the nymphs of the swelling waves. One, Leucothea, the great great granddaughter of Neptune, was the protector of travelers at sea. All were modest nymphs, living in a cave in the sea. They were the playmates and nurses of the divine offspring, and formed a part of Neptune's train. They were seen sometimes riding the sea animals, or drying their tresses in mouths, bays, or rivers.

The cousins of the Nereides, the Tritons, were human to the hips and covered with small scales. The lower part of their body was like that of the dolphin—their constant playmate. These odd creatures were trumpeters for Neptune, and with their horns controlled the roaring sea. The Tritons have been frequently alluded to by the poets because of their unique position as Neptune's trumpeters.

Of a more cruel nature, but more widespread popularity in the literary world were the Sirens. These creatures, daughters of Achelous and a Muse, were half woman and half fish, or, according to some legends, half woman and half bird. The Sirens inhabited caves on a desolate, rockbound coast, sang their

irresistible songs and lured men and ships to their doom on the sharp rocks. Only twice were they thwarted: once by Orpheus, who enchanted them by his own beautiful music; and again by Odysseus, who had himself tied to the mast of his ship by his sailors, who had wax in their ears. He heard the Sirens' song:

“Come hither, come, Odysseus,
Whom all praise. Great
Glory of the Achaians!
Bring in your ship
And listen to our song;
For none has ever passed
Us in a black hulled ship
Till from our lips
He heard ecstatic song,
Then went his way rejoicing
And with larger knowledge.
For we know all that on the plain
Of Troy, Argives and Trojans suffered
At the gods' behest;
We know whatever happens
On the bounteous earth.”

He did not, however, go to the fatal creatures; and thus their spell was broken. With screams of rage, they threw themselves into the sea and were turned into jagged submerged rocks, over which the water appears smooth and deep. Mariners declare that in a running tide, the soothing song of the Sirens is still to be heard near Peloris or the Islands of the Sirenusae off the coast of Italy.

An interesting single mermaid was Undine. There is a romantic legend concerning this woman of the German nobility, the only daughter of Baron Rheidt. Once at a village dance when Undine was present, Father Rhine appeared, all dripping

with sea weed and hung with garlands of tiny shells. He walked straight to Undine, gathered her in his arms, and plunged into the Rhine. They never came up; and the legend adds that they live in a crystal palace under the Rhine near Ziendorf.

The most popular, however, and by far the most interesting of these legendary heroines is Lorelei, the terror of the Rhine. All the interesting stories and allusions to this watermaiden are evolved from four basically different legends.

The first of these tells of a beautiful young German maiden who was besieged on all sides by persistent lovers. Finally the much-sought-after girl accepted one of the young men, who was, unhappily, just at that time called to the wars. Lorelei mourned and wept for his return; but weeping only made her more attractive. Every eligible young man in the country paid her court. Many of the jealous mothers, unwilling to see this mere girl upset their cherished plans for marrying off their daughters, went to the Archbishop and demanded that Lorelei be tried for witchcraft. Of course, such a beautiful creature was not condemned; but Lorelei, now sure that her lover would never return, and weary of pursuit by men for whom she cared nothing, begged to be allowed to enter a convent. As she was about to leave her old home, however, she begged to be allowed to climb to the top of her projecting rock cliff just once more. As she surveyed for the last time the impetuous tide of the swift-flowing Rhine, she saw, coming down the river in a little boat, her long lost lover. Gladly she cried out to him; but the lover, bewildered by this sudden appearance of his loved one, forgot to steer the boat and so crashed onto the cliff. Lorelei, leaning forward in anguish, toppled from the cliff, and so they perished together. A tall rock in the Rhine is called Loreleiberg.

Another Lorelei legend tells that on moonlight nights a beautiful maiden, the daughter of Father Rhine, sat aloft on a high rock, combing her hair with a golden comb and singing. Woe to the traveler to whose ears this enchanted song came, for it

made men forget time and place. Sailors forgot to steer their ships, and crashed on the rock. Once a fisherman fell in love with Lorelei; and the divine nymph, reciprocating his affection, showed him the best places to cast his nets. Finally she carried him to her home on the bed of the river and he was seen no more.

A third legend of this capricious maiden of the Rhine tells of the quest of Count Ludwig for Lorelei. One evening as he drifted down the Rhine, he lifted his eyes and beheld the beautiful Lorelei on her rock. Enchanted he gazed, and his boat crashed to destruction on the rock. Ludwig's bereaved father sent his warriors to capture and punish the nymph; but as they had her trapped on the rock she hypnotized them, singing and dancing. As she danced she dropped her jewels one by one into the rapidly rising waves. Finally a chariot drawn by white chargers sprang from the waves and vanished, carrying Lorelei.

There is a fourth legend about the Loreleiberg. It is said that once the devil made a trip up the Rhine to see this rock, which every one said so showed the power of God. When he saw it, he was moved to greatest rage and sank his claws in, determined to tear it down. Lorelei, however, sang so sweetly that she enchanted the devil; and he decided to leave the rock.

In his poem, "Lorelei," Heine sings in beautiful verse of this lovely Rhinemaiden:

"The air is cool and darkleth
The waters of the Rhine;
The mountain summit sparkleth
While the evening sun doth shine.

"Yon sits a wondrous maiden
On high, a maiden fair.
With gold and jewels laden,
She combs her golden hair.

"She combs with combs all golden
And sings a song so fine;
How strange that music olden
As it falls upon the Rhine.

"It fills with fear the sailor
At sea upon his skiff;
He looks, and then grows paler
Before the threatening cliff.

"The waves dash bark and master
Against the cliff dread
And Lorelei rejoices
For the sailor boy is dead."

Thus we have seen how in many races, even those widely separated, there has been some sort of belief in a water spirit, half human, half fish. Such coincidences do not happen in history. There must have been some reason for all the ancients' instituting this belief. As the naturalists assure us that the seal and the dugong are the only scientific approach to the mermaid, we must go deeper. As Carlyle says in his "Hero as Divinity," primitive man found in every phase of nature something awe-inspiring, marvelous, unfathomable. How much more wonderful must the water have seemed than even the tree—this clear, sparkling liquid, so beautiful and necessary at times, yet suffocating and strangling at others. No doubt he saw his fellow man struggling with the undercurrent as with some real person. These facts, coupled with an occasional sight of some uncanny marine animal, and an over-active imagination, may, perhaps, have been the beginnings of the mermaid myth, which has been the delight of so many generations of artists.

MARION TATUM, '30.

THE BROKEN VASE

A very young angel in Heaven, one day,
Was helping a soul on its earthward way,
When he suddenly dropped a most wondrous vase
That was formed out of crystal-like, glittering lace.

In shame he then went to Our Father above,
Who forgave him straightway, in His bountiful Love,
And sent him away with a beautiful plan
That would spread down on earth bits of Heaven for Man.

The fragments of vase lay shimmering there
On three of the steps of the heavenly stairs,
So the Angel bent down, and both hands he filled—
Was careful that never a single one spilled.

He emptied his hands, let fragments just pour
Like tears and like raindrops—till his hands held no more;
Then they fell through deep spaces till the night sky they met,
Became stars and were jewels in blue velvet set.

One step was cleared.

From the second step, then, he gathered him close
Other fragments. He thought for a moment, then rose.
"The stars will any and every one please,"
Said he, "So I'll go down to earth now with these!"

He walked the earth for many a day.
Unseen, he scattered his handfuls away,
And covered them deep with hardened blue earth
In order that Man should appreciate their worth.

Two steps were cleared.

Now many will dig, and bright diamonds find,
So I'll make of these last, a far different kind."
He gazed at the steps that he'd long cleared away
And saw his last fragments in glitt'ring array.

"Yes, lovely they'll be, and oh, very rare!
Of these last sparkling bits I shall certainly take care!"
So he waited till dark, and the full of the moon,
And hid them away where some time soon
Lovers out walking on a pale moonlight night
Would find starry droplets on the grass, shining bright.
Crystal fragments reflecting the stars, they'd appear;
"All will love those night dewdrops—and the last step is clear!"
CLOSS PEACE, '30.

HATTIE'S FORD

"Mawnin', Mis' Lizzie, ain't you got no ole clothes you wants to git rid of dis mawnin'?" asked a tall, lean colored woman of the "yaller nigger" type who was pulling behind her a rope attached to a large cow. Before her walked a small brown goat that served as a means of locomotion for the woman's baby and carriage. At least one supposed that there was a baby, because loud cries could be heard and no one ever heard such noises from tin cans, which were the only visible objects in the carriage.

"No, I haven't any clothes today, Hattie. Haven't you enough in your bag for one day?"

"No'm. That trashman done beat me to de piles dis mawnin'. Well'm, if'n you ain't got no clothes, kin I leave dese here things whilst I goes to take the cow to Mister Parker's field?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Paterson, "you may put them here by the steps."

Hattie dropped the heavy bag and removed the tin cans from the carriage.

"Has dem pieces o' tin been stickin' you, Marthy?" she asked her year-old baby condolingly. "Thank you, Ma'am, Mis' Lizzie," and Hattie continued her journey toward Parker's field. The goat still pulled the baby carriage, but Marthy was no longer crying. Hattie led the cow. Her mismatched shoes kicked the dust definantly at every step, and her long brown skirt that was patched with blue and white checked cloth, dragged the ground in the back. On her head she wore a man's dusty black felt hat, and a ragged red knitted shawl was caught on her left shoulder with a large safety pin. Her clothes were collections from various and sundry trash piles.

Hattie was the curiosity of Sumter. For years she had toiled, and she alone knew the goal toward which she worked. Every day, and many times a day, from early morning until late at night, she went from one trash can to another, collecting leftovers. She always carried at least one bag, and in it she stuffed glass bottles, tin cans, clothing, flowers, food, paper, and other articles. In the fall, when the trees were trimmed, she gathered her winter supply of fuel; and to see her pulling a huge branch down the middle of the street was not unusual. When a roof was retinned, she arrived with the first tinman and departed with the last piece of spare tin.

Every one wondered what Hattie did with the seemingly useless collection, and she herself was not certain as to what she would do with the proceeds from the sale of them. Sometimes she wanted a red velvet coat and a hat with plumes, and again she thought of an automobile. Today, as she walked through the business street of Sumter towards home, having tied the cow and the goat in Mr. Parker's field, she saw a new green Ford parked in front of a Ford agency. She had always wanted

to ride in an automobile, but she had never had an opportunity. No one was near the new Ford, and Hattie was so much interested that she walked to the edge of the curb to inspect it more closely.

While she stood there gazing at the Ford and wondering what its cost might be, a salesman came from the garage and, noting her interest, began to talk to her. He had often seen Hattie on the streets and he wondered if the rumor concerning her great wealth had any foundation.

"Like it?" he asked.

"It sho' am han'some!" she remarked.

"Want to buy it?" he inquired.

Hattie remained silent a minute; then she asked, "How much you ask for dat car, anyways?"

"I'll let you have it for six hundred dollars," he smiled, feeling that his time was being wasted, but wishing to gratify her curiosity.

"Yes, suh, I got de money at home," she said anxiously.

"Well, if you really want to buy it I'll ride you home and let you get the money," he replied.

"Will you ride me?" she asked him, slowly emphasizing each word.

"Yes," he replied and opened the door for her.

Hattie climbed into the car. Her heart beat fast, and she grinned from ear to ear. All the way, she thought of never having to "tote them bags home no more." The salesman showed her how to start the engine, and promised to teach her to drive.

They parked in front of Hattie's small stone house. The yard was almost covered with paper, tin cans, and other trash. Hattie got out of the car and promised to return with the money in a few minutes. She hurried up the dirt walk and pushed the door open. As she entered she heard loud music and shuffling of feet. She opened the door at her right and saw a saucy negro

girl dancing and several colored women and men patting their feet and clapping their hands to every beat in "Come on Christian, Do It Some More," which was being pumped from a new player piano by Hattie's husband.

"Come on, Hattie!" he called gleefully when he saw her standing in the door. "See what I done bought wi' that money you had hid under de house!"

All Hattie's hopes fell. She turned and tried to carry her tired feet briskly back down the walk toward the new green Ford.

"I'se sorry, Mister Sale'man," she told the agent condescendingly, "but I'se done decided to buy one o' dem Catlacs."

ELIZABETH RENNEKER, '30.

CHOCOLATE CREAMS

Chocolate creams! Soft, smooth, sweet chocolate creams!
Delicious! I can see them in my dreams!
Row upon row of little dark dears.
And all for me! Whoops! Three cheers!

A whole boxful of them! Sixty-three!
And all, every one, just for me!
A birthday gift fit for a queen!
'Twould make any one with envy turn green!

But alas! I gaze at them in most acute pain.
Take them away! I can't look at them again!
Why? Don't you know? Why, it
Is this: I'm on a diet!

MARY DELAMAR, '30.

THE CHICKEN ROLL

"Sadie, what in the world are you doing?" demanded Mrs. Davis, as she entered the room.

"Nothing, mother," muttered six-year-old Sadie innocently from the corner in which she was standing.

"Yes, you are, Sadie! Now don't tell me a story!" Mrs. Davis crossed the spacious living room. Reaching the corner, she saw that long strips of wall paper had been carefully peeled from the wall. Sadie's chubby fingers bore tell-tale fragments of paper, and on the floor at her feet were tiny strips of it.

"Sadie Davis! Now aren't you ashamed of your self? Just look at that wall you've ruined! Come here and let me spank your hands!"

Sadie submitted meekly to the punishment, for she was accustomed to such mild penalties for misconduct. "That didn't hurt!" she said with a mischievous twinkle in her large brown eyes, when her mother had inflicted the punishment.

Mrs. Davis could not help smiling, but she was careful to conceal the smile from her daughter. "Don't you ever do anything like that again or I'll have to punish you more next time!"

Sadie walked off with a nonchalant and independent air. She was an only child and accustomed to having her own way. She had a haughty little air, yet she was always full of mischief.

Mrs. Davis went about her housework. Sadie had apparently gone out to play. After sewing for half an hour, Mrs. Davis went downstairs to see if the grocery boy had arrived. She opened the swinging door—"Why, Sadie Davis! What on earth are you doing?" Before the stove stood her daughter. One side of her face was blackened to the color of coal. Her small hands were in the act of scraping soot from the stove.

"Nothing, mother," answered Sadie meekly, "cept trying to get like Jane's little boy. She told Jeremiah he was black as soot, so I thought if I put soot on me I'd be like Jeremiah an' you'd let me play with him. He's jus' the nicest little nigger boy!"

"You come with me and wash your face and hands! Of course you can't play with Jeremiah!"

She washed Sadie's face and hands and dressed her all fresh and clean in a dainty blue dress. "Now, darling, be good for mother and keep clean. We are going to have company for dinner."

Sadie very obediently went out into the front yard to play. Before going upstairs to dress, Mrs. Davis gave one last look into the yard to see that her small daughter was still there. Sadie was innocently enough sitting on the steps talking to Miriam Murphy, a little next-door neighbor. Satisfied that her child was out of mischief, Mrs. Davis went upstairs.

"We're going to have company for dinner, but I don't know who," said Sadie proudly, to admiring Miriam. "And we're going to have chicken and ice cream and cake and lots of other good things. Mother said I could sit up late tonight, too, if I'm a good girl, so I'm going to be good!"

"I wish we were going to have company," said Miriam wistfully. "I bet that chicken'll taste good! Mm-m, I wish I had some right now. Don't you? Wouldn't it be nice if we could have real sure 'nough good things like that when we have a tea party? I wish we could have a tea party."

"I know what!" exclaimed Sadie gleefully. "You go get your doll and come back over here and we'll have a tea party!"

"Oh goody!" Miriam darted quickly across the two green lawns. She was in her house only a few minutes, then reappeared with not only one doll, but three. "I thought you wouldn't mind if I brought Lucy Ann and Betty, too. They're awful hungry."

"That's all right. Come on," directed Miss Davis. She led the way through the house to the pantry. "We'll just look in the 'frigerator and see what's in there. Goody, here's some preserves! I don't see anything else good 'cept that chicken. It's for dinner. Doesn't it look good? Come on let's find some crackers and then we'll get some dishes and I'll get my dolls and we'll have lots of fun!"

Mrs. Davis, busily fixing her hair, could hear Sadie and Miriam trudging around downstairs. "I wonder what those children are up to? I guess they are playing dolls. Miriam is such a sweet child and so well behaved. Maybe she'll keep Sadie out of mischief for awhile," she mused.

She took a lovely black chiffon velvet dress from her closet and carefully donned it. She was in no hurry to get dressed. Finally she thought, "Well, I'd better go see if Jane has come to fix dinner. It is time she was heating that chicken. I'm certainly glad it's already cooked."

When she reached the dining-room she heard a thud, exclamations in two childish voices, and then a scrabbling. When she opened the door what a sight she beheld! Around the table, in chairs, sat six dolls; two chairs were empty. Instead of doll china, she saw her own best china adorning the table and the plates showed signs of having held crackers and preserves.

"Can you get it?" asked an anxious voice.

"Yes," came the answer in Sadie's cock-sure tones. "It's 'way over here 'most under Lucy Ann's chair. It surely did roll a long way."

Miriam crawled from beneath the table. Next came Sadie, very red of face. In her arms, closely embraced to her body, was the chicken that had been prepared for the company dinner.

"For heaven's sake, Sadie Davis, what have you been doing?" asked Mrs. Davis in bewilderment.

"Nothing, mother," answered Sadie. "We were jus' having a tea party an' we wanted to play like we were having chicken

like we're going to have for dinner, so we just put this on the table to see how it would look. Then I was going to put it back in the 'frigerator, but it slipped off the plate and rolled under the table, but it's not hurt a bit and it's not even dirty. See! You won't make me go to bed, will you? I couldn't help it, could I, Miriam?"

"No 'm, Mrs. Davis, she couldn't help it; honest she couldn't. 'Sides won't anybody know it's been rolling on the floor."

A look of amusement appeared in Mrs. Davis' eyes, even though she gasped in astonishment. Sadie and Miriam were gone before she could utter a word, Sadie pulling her companion by the hand.

"What are you hurrying for?" asked Miriam breathlessly.

"Well, if I stayed there till mother started talking she might make me go to bed. She's not mad now, but she will be soon, 'cause look at the grease all over the front of my clean dress, and wait till she sees the dressing that fell out of that chicken. It's under your chair 'cause I didn't have time to pick it up!"

HELEN DAVIS BROWN.

DAWN

Tints of rose in the cold blue dawn,
Splashes of gold across the way,
The call of a bird in the early morn,
Foretell the coming of a new day.

The curl of smoke from a chimney high,
The sound of a hunter's horn
As the sun rises into the sky—
A bright new day is born.

RUTH CROMARTIE, '30.

SATISFACTION

A tall, stoop-shouldered old man sat lazily on a low wooden bench in front of an unpainted, battered old shop. The man's long elbows rested on his angular knees, and his pointed white beard moved slowly up and down as he chewed an enormous wad of tobacco. While he listlessly whittled, from soft, white wood, slim needles for mending nets, his pale blue eyes roamed over the little white houses enclosed by white picket fences across the glistening, sandy road. On either side of the road were low trees whose trunks were whitewashed and whose tops were flattened and leveled parallel to the ground as a result of the continuously blowing sea wind which came from the shining green water back of the weather-worn shop.

For a long time the old man sat thus, staring at the shell-strewn road. An occasional horse, pulling a light buggy or a two-wheel vegetable cart, toiled pantingly through the deep sand. Brown-skinned, light-haired children ran laughingly around the side of the shop, delightedly splashing water out of a rusty tin can and twice stopping to catch a sandcrab which accidentally spilled out with the water. The children paused in front of the shop and, by shouts and excited hoppings up and down, called the man's attention to the can.

"Three sandcrabs, Mr. Dickerson! And that's not all! A real, truly sea-horse! A real one! Margie caught him, but I helped!" screamed a tousle-headed, freckled little girl.

"You did not, Sarah Perkins! I caught him myself!" exclaimed a snaggle-toothed, long-legged little girl with straight fair hair which was plaited in two long pig-tails and tied with faded blue ribbons.

The old man dropped his jack-knife and needle into a deep pocket of his ragged blue trousers and knelt in the sand to look

at the sea animals. Margie tipped the can over, and the sand-crabs immediately fled. The rest of the children chased them, screaming excitedly. When the crabs had been recaptured and put back in their narrow cage, the old man and the children crowded upon the bench, and the old man asked interestedly, "Where'd yu find 'em? Many's the sandcrabs I used to catch on the back shore. And that sea-horse! Don't know as I ever catched more'n two!"

"We got 'em down yonder by the marsh!" explained Margie. "Say, Mr. Dickerson, reckon ma'll let me keep 'em in our dish pan?"

Old Mr. Dickerson stared across the road at a trim little freshly painted house. His happy smile faded, and he stroked his snow-white beard thoughtfully. Finally, he ran his gnarled fingers through his sparse, steel-gray hair and spat a stream of brown tobacco juice at an upturned scallop shell halfway across the road. The shell rocked and overturned. Mr. Dickerson leaned forward, peered into the can again, his eyes agleam with envy, and then muttered doubtfully, "Mebbe you better run across and see. I won't let 'em out while you're gone."

Margie jumped up and, followed by the other suntanned little girls with flying plaits, ran across the road and darted through the front door of the little white house.

Mr. Dickerson slowly got up, picked up the can, went into the store and began to make his way around various wooden tables containing groceries, dusty dry goods, hardware, fish, tobacco, tools, and sticky, melting candy, toward the open back door of the shop.

The door opened on a rickety wharf with sagging, barnacle-covered steps leading down to the dark green water. Sitting on this wharf, Mr. Dickerson again resorted to his whittling, watched the tiny pinfish darting here and there under him, and listened to the light washing and slapping of the little waves on the incoming tide.

Presently the old man stopped his whittling and leaned over the can beside him, staring at the muddy water within. He shook his head, then, reaching a hand into his deep pocket, pulled out a tattered, much-thumbed little notebook. He opened it and pawed over its pages until he came to one on which was written with a blunt pencil in wavering, unskilled handwriting:

“Sales terday—Wendsday
To dollars (2)
Sales terday—Thursday
Nun
Sales terday—Fryday
Nun
Toetal sales this weak so far—To dollars (2).”

He frowned slightly, then smiled again, and put the book back in his pocket muttering, “Sure a nice big sea-horse! Biggest one I ever see! Bet ’tis four inches long!”

He heard dragging footsteps in the store and called out, “Come back here, honeys! I’m back here!”

Hesitantly, the little girls filed out on the wharf and stood around the can. Margie sat down beside it and began to cry brokenheartedly.

“Oh! Oh! O-o-o! Ma-a—won’t let—me keep—’em!” she moaned, “She says—she won’t—have no—such trash around!”

The pale eyes of Mr. Dickerson sparkled with indignation.

“Wal, womens is funny! ’S too bad, ’tis! But I tell yu what I’ll do! I’ll buy ’em from yu for four all-day suckers! Whadda yu say?”

Margie stopped sobbing for a moment, then began again even more bitterly.

“Oh, my poor sea-horse!” she wailed. “’Twas the first one I ever caught, an’ I wanted it!”

Mr. Dickerson frowned and stared at the water. Then, with sudden resolution, he turned again and burst out, "Say, I'll give yu three suckers for the sandcrabs and a *penny* for the sea-horse!"

Margie raised her tear-stained, dirty little face and smiled consent. She and the other little girls ran into the store and selected the suckers. Margie came back to the wharf for the penny which Mr. Dickerson extracted from a greasy pocket-book, and the little girls ran out of the store, debating who should have the suckers first and who should come next.

Mr. Dickerson gazed for a long time at the gulls circling over the narrow, smooth birdshoal out in the bay. After a while he glanced at the can, smiled with satisfaction, and muttered, "Wal, wal! I guess 'twas worth it, anyhow! Hm-m! A penny's right much money! But—well—yep, 'twas worth it! Look at that sea-horse now! Gee, wonder if it'll live in that big dish pan of mine!"

MARY DELAMAR, '30.

SOLDIER MAN

Little happy soldier man,
All dressed up in brown and tan,
What big battle did you fight in,
What harsh campaigns win your stripes in?

With your sword of red and blue,
I am really scared of you.
Do you shoot them with your pop-gun,
Do you stab them when they run?

CHARLOTTE THORPE, '30.

AFTER "LIGHTS" AT PEACE

"Light bell" at Peace does not instantly bring the repose that our faculty expects. To be truthful, much more excitement goes on after "lights" than before.

What could be more thrilling than to hear that hope-and-pray-it-won't-ring-quite-yet bell when you are standing under the shower, covered with soap? Isn't it a thrilling feeling to shiver out of the shower, jump at the touch of cold tiles, dry oneself hastily, stumble painfully over the wrong end of a rocking chair, and slide finally between icy sheets?

Or what could be more startling than your impression (and expression) when, by means of a borrowed flash-light, you discover that, instead of using almond cream on your face, you have used shoe polish? The proper Polly-Anna-ish spirit in such a case is to thank your lucky stars you didn't brush your teeth with cold cream.

I imagine it would be very interesting to publish a confession magazine, each story of which should bear the title, "What Happened After 'Lights,'" or "The Sad Example of One Who Wasn't Ready for the Bell."

So much for the minor annoyances of the dark.

I have always liked games, but there is a game here at Peace that I *do not* enjoy, although I always participate. For want of a better name, I shall call this game "Rats!"

If one wishes to play the game in the proper spirit, one must meet certain rules or conditions.

Two girls and one mouse are the usual number of players. The weather must absolutely be cold, very cold. Warm weather detracts from the liveliness of the game. It is preferable that one girl be sleepy, and that the other be frightened and talka-

tive. This is for the purpose of having atmosphere. The game takes place during and throughout the night, beginning just as the participants become sleepy.

Here is a fair example of how to play the game of Rats. My room-mate and I take the leading parts.

Roomy (with spirit): "Did you hear that noise?"

Me (sleepily): "No-o-o—"

Silence except for the distant rattle of paper.

Roomy (still more lively): "Turn on the light!"

Me: "Aw—"

Roomy: "He's in the waste-paper basket!"

Silence.

Roomy: "I know it's a *rat*! Turn on the light!"

Silence. Then more paper rattles.

Roomy (quite loudly): "Closs, turn on the light, now! Be quick!"

Roomy's voice startles me, so I jump up and hastily turn on the light. The noise stops immediately. (This result is invariable.)

"Look in the waste-paper basket!" Roomy calls to me. She sits up in bed with the cover around her neck while I tiptoe to the waste-paper basket. Roomy encourages me all the while with, "You are the *bravest* thing! I'm scared to *death*! Do look in my shoes! Don't let him *bite* you!"

I have never had one bite me yet, either shoes or mouse, so it's really not at all brave of me to search for the disturber of Peace.

Finally I return to bed, my search having proved vain, and turn out the light. Just as I am dreaming of chocolate eclairs, I hear Roomy's voice crying, "Closs, did you hear that noise?" And the above scene is repeated any number of times with variations.

The last time I am called into action, the scene is slightly different. Roomy, having become convinced that the mouse will

not visibly become known, ventures from her bed and starts towards me. Just at that moment I discover and punch the villain (the mouse, not my room-mate) from his hiding place in the cracker-box or a crevice of the radiator, and we (all but the mouse) take swan dives into the midst of our beds, muttering, "Curses!"

There is a slight interval between our first and second attack. Then we arm ourselves with umbrellas, and, thus fortified, chase the mouse into the room of our long-suffering suite-mates. We lock the connecting door, turn out the light, and thank heaven that our neighbors are sound sleepers.

And that, my dears, is the game of Rats. If nights are dull, enliven them with this light entertainment, even though part of it does take place in the dark!

CLOSS PEACE, '30.

SKETCHES

WAITING

"Taylor's Book Store—Great Bargains Today in Second Hand Books." Thus read the sign on the table in front of the little store. It was a faded sign; every day for more than a year, in all sorts of weather, it had stood propped on that same table, advertising the same sale.

Weather-beaten and permanent, too, was the proprietor, old Taylor, a little wizened man of uncertain old age. Day in and day out he sat there next to the table, hunched in his rickety chair, his ragged coat drawn close about him. His patient face was dark and wrinkled; his hands were withered and almost useless; his whole body was shriveled up.

Today, as always, no one came to buy his "bargains," and no wonder. Every one knew what sort of books old Taylor sold—only Ruskin, Swift, Spenser, Thackeray, Defoe—all out of date. Nowadays, who read those? Nevertheless, old Taylor still sat there, mildly watching the crowds that hurried by, his pale blue eyes ever pleading, "Books today?"

LAURA WHITE, '31.

THE PURITAN AND THE CAT

A sleek black kitten reclined on a huge brown book adorned with the words "Holy Bible" in illuminated gilt letters. His silky fur contrasted strikingly with the worn leather decorated with arabesque. Every line of his body expressed languor and boredom. His eyes, however, had a lively expression. Self-satisfaction, laziness, and ennui reposed in their emerald gleam. More than anything else, however, his eyes seemed to sparkle with malevolence, cryptic knowledge, and contempt.

He looked forward, seeming oblivious of the existence of a gaunt old woman, who regarded him with a hostile look. Her steel gray hair pulled tightly into a knot on her neck, her cold blue eyes, her pale complexion, and her thin lips gave her a severe appearance. With a disapproving and somewhat uneasy expression she glanced first at the kitten and then at the Bible. Suddenly she cast an apprehensive glance around the room, and then swooped down on the enigmatic animal. Picking him up gingerly, she deposited him quickly on the floor.

"'Tisn't fittin'!" she muttered.

JANET CRINKLEY, '30.

HOME

The day was bright and the sun beamed down mercilessly in its futile attempt to purify the muddy water of the Whangpoo of the melon rinds, dead animals, and other offensive refuse. An old junk, one of many of its kind, lay apart, seemingly deserted, its patched sails lying in a heap on the so-called deck. A small child dressed in dirty blue calico sat precariously on the edge of the railless boat and washed his rice bowl in the dirty water. A little yellow dog came yelping from below, where the child's parents slept.—A family at home after the noonday meal.

DOROTHY SMITH, '31.

AN EMERGENCY CASE

The white furniture in the operating room included an instrument cabinet, an operating table, a supply cabinet, and a stool. On the table were several pairs of wet brown rubber gloves, and a pile of wet instruments. A nurse, dressed in a blue and white striped dress, a large white apron, and a white cap, sat on the stool, hurriedly drying the instruments and gloves. Mixed odors of alcohol, ether, and iodine encircled the rooms and the hall.

Robert, the tall, white-clad mulatto orderly, hurried from one job to another. With swift movements he mopped the white tile floor of the operating room, swept the hall, and put a clean cover on the stretcher pad. As Robert was putting on his black coat to leave, heavy footsteps on the rubber-covered hall floor came nearer and nearer. In a moment Mrs. Strosburg, the large, but rather handsome, superintendent of the hospital, ap-

peared. She held her head erect. Her gray, wavy hair and white uniform added dignity to her stern face. Robert tiptoed to the linen-room door, and put his ear to the keyhole to hear what Mrs. Strosburg had to say. As she came to the operating room door, she said, in a hoarse, loud voice, "Miss Jones, get ready for an emergency appendix case."

Robert reluctantly pulled his coat off, carefully adjusted his nose glasses, and, with a disgusted frown, muttered to himself, "I hope it ain't another one of the Braggs. We've operated on four of them this month—charity patients, too. I guess the old man is the only one we haven't operated on."

A knock at the back hall door assured Robert that the patient had arrived. Holding his head very high, Robert took the clean stretcher, and with long strides rolled it to the door. With a quick jerk he opened the door. There stood Mr. Smith, the short, fat ambulance driver. With a thud Mr. Smith let the rear end of the ambulance down. He slowly rolled the stretcher onto the porch, then inside the door of the hospital. Robert viewed a fat, dirty man lying on the stretcher. A heavy black beard covered his red face.

As Robert carefully assisted Mr. Smith in lifting the patient to the hospital stretcher he said, in an impudent voice, "What's your name, Mister?"

The patient turned his stupid gray eyes towards Robert and said, in a low tone, "My name is John Josiah Bragg."

RUTH GATTIS, '30.

A RADIO IN THE HOME

"Station W. P. T. F. will continue with its program of Negro spir—"

"James! Turn that radio on again. Daddy went to answer the 'phone and said not to change the station. He spent at

least five minutes trying to get that music. It's horrid, but he *will* have it!"

The boy turned from the radio with a disgusted grunt. The light from the glowing fire played over his bright, intelligent face, showing bright blue eyes and firmly compressed lips. His straight dark eyebrows were drawn together in a deep frown. One brown hand clasped a huge geography book; the other was hidden in the pocket of his long pants.

"Hang! When he comes back he won't change it! I want to hear about that game!"

The door opened and a short, stout man entered. In one hand he held the evening paper; in the other, a pair of large, dark-rimmed glasses. He paused as he glanced at the boy standing by the radio.

"James, you better get to work. I can't understand why you prefer to sit here, gaze at the fire, and listen to the radio when you know it means failure at school tomorrow."

The boy was silent as he turned from the radio. His father seated himself in a deep chair and was soon deep in his paper. From his corner the boy gazed first at the fire, then at his father. Minutes passed. All was silent except for the roaring fire and the radio. Finally the music ceased, but the man did not notice. The fire roared; the radio ran on with only the faint sound of the batteries.

The boy arose, gave a despairing sigh, glanced at his father, and hurried from the room.

MARY ALICE MURCHISON, '30.

MY LITTLE CHINAMAN

I know a little Chinaman
Who's so polite to me!
He grins and makes low bows and shakes,
He's very gentlemanly.

He's just a little china man
With a long mustache and goatee;
His legs are made of wire springs,
And his feet are stationary.

ELIZABETH RENNEKER, '30.

NEWS NOTES

September 12. Registration Day! New and old girls had been arriving since the day before.

September 13. The formal opening of the school year 1929-1930 was held in the Chapel at ten o'clock. The Honorable Josephus Daniels gave an especially interesting talk on reading.

The P. S. C. A. party, given in honor of the new girls, was held in the girls' living room at eight o'clock. Stunts and games were enjoyed throughout the evening. Punch and cakes were served.

September 14. At eight o'clock the annual Faculty concert was held in the Chapel. After the concert a reception was given in the parlors. The receiving line was composed of the mem-

bers of the Faculty. After each girl had been welcomed, ice cream and cakes were served in the hall.

September 20. The Pi Theta Mu Literary Society entertained the new girls at a tea at the home of Betty Vaiden Wright.

September 21. The Sigma Phi Kappa Literary Society entertained the new girls with a midnight feast in the gymnasium.

JOKES

Virginia Wilson (to Ethleen Boyette, who is writing a summary of one of Huxley's essays for English A): What are you doing?

Ethleen: Writing Huxley.

Virginia: Well, give him my love.

Billy Pressly: Mamma, how do you spell *shing*?

Mrs. Pressly: *Shing*? What do you mean by *shing*?

Billy: Why, *shing*. *Fishing*. I know how to spell *fish*, but I don't know how to spell *shing*.

Miss Ingraham (trying to call Ruth Bush's name in roll):
Rose Bush!

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